

The Church

"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls."—JEREMIAH, vi. 16.

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1849.

[WHOLE NUMBER, DCXXXII.]

Original Poetry.

GREECE.

Lines written some years ago upon the occasion of American Missionaries going to Greece.

By the Rev. H. CARVELL.

The sun is shining in the glowing west,
Behind you rugged mountains rising crest,
The dark blue sea lies slumbering in peace,
And softly waves the hallowed coast of Greece.
The beacon glimmers on the distant shore,
The breeze waves the olive boughs no more,
The moon is up, and o'er the mountain plain,
Calm silence holds her solitary reign.
Here dark Hydnos rears his head on high,
Crowned with the mountain's rocky summit;
Through small hills winds his wasted tide,
Smiles there Caprius' wandering streamlets glide;
Through the clear sky the whirling moonbeams fall
On that high citadel and rock built wall.
O'er ancient towers and the ruin temple throw
Their long black shadows o'er the plain below;
And Parthenon in ruined pomp appears,
The precious relic of departed days;
Her columns rising in their long array,
Proud in their age and stately in decay.
How sweet this hour to meditation given,
When fancy leaves the world, and soars to heaven,
Quits the dark present, and delights to roam
And bright scenes of better times to come;
Or, raptur'd off, in dream the theonian plains
The varied spectacle of former days,
While in close vision, each upon the eyes
The great, the just, the valiant, and the wise,
Remain the rest upon this sculptured stone,
Remnant of ancient splendour, past and gone;
Here, lovely Athens! let me now be seen,
None of the Sage and Mother of the Free;
Methinks I view the nations from afar,
Zou on thy roof the heroic waste of war;
I see thee bend to avenge the wrongs of Greece,
Remem'ring the furious warriors whirling bow;
And now I see thee break his iron sway,
Rena his strong bolts, and cast his bonds away;
I view thy sons in vain resistance fall,
While kindred Spartans storm thy sacred wall;
I view thy hopes in mortal death expire,
While the proud Persian warrior thunders in fire,
And now subdued he lies in dust and gore,
Thy towers rebuilt, thro' steepest quagmire more,
Through many a year still panting to be free,
I view thee crushed by the tyrant's hand;
Bursting at length the tyrant's galling chain,
Athens again springs to life again;
Full many a blessing here thy name
To the full stature of ancestral fame,
And full thy hands and feet no more will fail,
Who bravely conquer'd, and wisely fell.
Yet small the warriors' glory, and confined,
Compared with his whose conquest is the mind,
Framed the will, and led the arm to war—
Such Athens' glory, and Athens' land to share,
Ah! who is he within thy gloomy cell,
The aged Socrates, who sits alone,
I know that face where virtue, nobly great,
And fearless life on the face of fate;
And fearless death the deadly poison cup,
Disobedience in grief, and death appear;
'Tis not his lot to weep, nor his to die,
Calmly he faces, and lays down his life.
Yet small thy bound and narrow is thy span,
Unaided wisdom of fallacious man,
Reserved for God is, and not for thee,
To teach the secret of the life to come;
Oh! where is now, thine ever-lost power?
Thou canst not read the ages lying round,
E'en he whose might and glory has been won,
To see the wonders of his unknown Lord,
He sees the hidden things of the unseen,
E'en he, to such contemplation given,
Expres in dome and arch the glory of heaven,
Not so the Christian, when the bands of death,
Calls the weak limbs, and draws the struggling breath,
And here amid the agonies he seeks to bless,
And faith prepares to meet eternity,
His hope irradiates his forehead's brow,
But speaks in triumph to the world below.
Yet not the mortal boast, the sage name,
Alone has blessed this favored spot with fame;
Oh! has the learned, with serene countenance,
The power of Christian love, and Christian zeal.
Rec'nt I view you ruined-crown'd heights,
The sacred hill of the god of Light,
And here great numbers of the noblest
Justice once held her noblest council there,
To that tribunal differing actions ran,
When faithful Paul proclaimed the "unknown God,"
Calm, dignified, with serene countenance,
Armed with that hope which looks beyond the grave,
Truth in his words, and love in his hand,
Methinks I see the great Apostle stand,
In vain, close wrap in purple robe,
The God who sits in judgment on the dead,
While you crown'd sages pour such hopes as his,
Still points to future life beyond the grave,
And still proclaims the delegated word,
"It is his will, though not his will to save."
Here on this spot, to plume memory dear,
New hopes arise, and brightening rays appear;
Beyond the Western world, the Phosias here,
His burning chariot in Atlantic waves,
A heavenly power descending from above,
To lead to whom these islands of love,
In vain the tempest rages, the billows roar,
The heart of mercy seeks the Grecian shore,
Here in this spot, and this wasted land,
Columbia's daughter trains the infant hand,
And here amid the agonies she seeks to bless,
Columbia's Priest makes glad the wilderness;
The bill of Mars is now the bill of peace,
The pride of Athens and the hope of Greece,
You Parthenon shall emulate to decay.
You solid rock itself, shall melt away,
But he, to whom these islands are kneel,
Shall bless the eternal work of Christian love,
Soon shall fall, Science hold her gentle reign,
And beautiful Athens shall be great again;
Not as of old, when crowding thousands ran,
And they would follow to the work of God,
But pure increase in her faces shall rise,
But pure joy, and holier sacrifice,
No more the useless, the selfish prayer,
The peaceful Cross shall triumph there.

their Fraternity of all their affairs, wherever they be dispersed; so that the English abroad know news better than ye at home.

When they return into England, they are taught their lesson to say (if any inquire from whence they come) that they are poor Christians formerly that fled beyond sea for their religion's sake and are now returned with glad news, to enjoy their liberty of conscience.

The 100 men that went over in 1846 were most of them soldiers in the Parliament's army, and were daily to correspond with those Romanists in our late King's army that were lately at Oxford, and pretended to fight for His Sacred Majesty; for at that time, there were some Roman Catholics who did not know the design a contriving against our Church and the State of England.

But the year following, 1647 many of those Romish Orders who came over the year before were in consultation together, knowing each other. And those of the King's party asking some why they took with the Parliament's side, and asking others whether they were betwixt to turn Puritans, not knowing the design; but at last, secret Bulls and Licences being produced by those of the Parliament's side, it was declared between them, there was no better design to confound the Church of England than by pretending liberty of conscience. It was argued then that England would be a second Holland, a Commonwealth; and if so, what would become of the King? It was answered, would to God it were come to that point. It was again replied, yourselves have preached so much against Rome, and His Holiness, that Rome and her Romanists will be little the better for that change; but it was answered, you shall have Mass sufficient for a hundred thousand in a short space, and the Governors never the wiser. Then some of the mercifullest of the Romanists said this cannot be done unless the King die, upon which argument, the Romish Orders thus licensed, and in the Parliament Army, wrote into their several Convents, but especially to the Sorbonists, whether they may be scrupled to make our late Godly King and His Majesty his son, our King and Master; who, blessed be God, hath escaped their Romish snares laid for him? It was returned from the Sorbonists that it was lawful for Roman Catholics to work changes in Governments for the Mother Church's advancement, and chiefly in an heretical kingdom; and so lawfully make away the King.

Thus much to my knowledge, have I seen and heard since my leaving your Lordship, which I thought very requisite to inform your Grace: for myself would hardly have credited these things, had not mine eyes seen evidence of the same. Let these things sleep within your Lordship's breast and not awake but upon sure grounds, for this age can trust no man there being so great fallacy amongst men. So the Lord preserve your Lordship in health for the nation's good and the benefit of your friends: which shall be the prayers of
Your humble servant,
J. DREXTER.

THE ART OF CATECHISING.

(By the Rev. Edw. Butler, M.A.)

Perhaps, gentle reader, before I actually enter upon my task of teaching you to teach others by catechising, it may be as well to tell you how I became a catechist myself, for the thought seized upon me, and occupied me much in very early life. I was at school at Rugby, and at the time I speak of, was in what we called the "upper third." The "upper fourth" was under the care of Mr. Innes, afterwards a Fellow of Balliol, and I was sitting one evening in the room of my private tutor, Mr. Homer, some one knocked at the door, and in came Mr. Innes. "Bather," says he, "when Mr. Homer has done with you, will you come up into my room? I want to speak to you; you will find nobody there but O—(naming one of the school-fellows) and myself." Of course I went; and Mr. Innes, motioning my companion to a chair and myself to another, took his own, and addressed to us: "I am going to teach you two boys very hard to work. Pray, O—, do you know anything about astronomy?" "Not much, I am afraid, sir." "And you, Bather?" "Not so much, sir, as O—, I am afraid."

"Well, now, do not flatter yourselves that I am going to tell you any thing about it, for I shall do no such thing. Nevertheless, you shall know more about it, and a good deal too, before you go out of this room."

He then put questions to us both, by which he soon elicited all the particulars of such little knowledge as we possessed; and then he questioned us further, soon causing us to make many blunders, and then making us correct our answers. So that we certainly did quit the room with fuller and more orderly notions of the matter than we had brought into it.

Now, if I have thought of this once, I have thought of it five hundred times. Certainly I did not become an astronomer, but I was led to think, and to discern what must be the most effectual way of imparting knowledge. I had heard many a lecture before, but had gone in at one ear and out at the other, and, indeed, I had sometimes been constrained, as it became wearisome to me, to amuse myself with counting the panes in the windows, or the knobs on the cornice; but under Mr. Innes I never flinched; I had a thinking, and I could have listened all night. I had no opportunity, however, at that time, of acting upon my meditations; and, what I had got, lay as useless as a seed vessel in the *hortus stercos* of a botanist. At length, however, it sprouted, and bare fruit. I was inducted, in 1804, to the living which I now hold. I had the sense to see that my lot was fallen upon me in a fair ground, and though I made no explicit vow about it, yet my inward resolution was that I would never move. So I set to my work at once, and preached as plainly and as well as I know how, and I should be sorry to think that no good came of it. Still, however, I could not but see, that with respect to the elder part of my congregation, talk as I would, I could not talk it into them. Now and then I might say a thing that would strike them, but as to the general argument of my discourse, it was all thrown away. My old lesson in catechising came into my mind, and I turned myself to the younger sort. We had at that time in the parish a good many boys, from thirteen to seventeen years of age. They worked in the collieries on week-days, and came to church on Sundays, and they were generally very well disposed. So I will take my catechisms from these. I thought; but, then, not one in six of them could read. I found a couple of working colliers who could read very well, and I made them my Sunday-school masters. The chief thing they had to do was this—I appointed them a portion of Scripture, not exceeding two verses at the most, and I saw that they could read it themselves with intelligence. They then read it pause by pause to the boys, who soon learnt the words, and could repeat them with intelligence too. Then, after Divine service, I got my pupils to deliver the passages to me with one voice, and I questioned them upon it; and by this means I found that I could communicate much religious knowledge, which might be, and has been, of great use to them.

When the Romish Orders do thus argue pro and con, there is appointed one of the learned of these Convents to take notes and to judge; and as he finds their fancies, whether for Presbytery, Independency, Anabaptism, Atheism or for any new tenets, so accordingly they be to act and to exercise their wits. Upon their permission when they are sent abroad, they enter their names in the Convent registry, also their Licences; if a Franciscan, a Dominican, or a Jesuit, or any other order, having several names there entered in their Licence; in case of a discovery in one place, then to fly to another and there to change their names or habit.

For an assurance of their constancy to their several orders they are to give monthly intelligence to

been, held fast till now. Besides this, I had two little dame schools, containing sixty children each, and I thought I would try to do something with them that might be of use to others who should hear them. I appointed a service on a week-day, and catechised these children before the congregation. It was very hard work. I could not for a long while get the children to speak audibly and distinctly, and I was obliged to answer three-quarters of the questions myself. However, you will always have a sharp lad or two among 120 children, and "Jack" made a good hit now and then, and "Tom" now and then, and the parents were pleased. Besides which, as the parents sat in the pews close to the aisles where the children were placed, I could sometimes ask them a question, and often got a very pertinent answer.

But then came Dr. Bell, and I got a class that could read fluently and with correct emphasis and expression, and thenceforth I had ground to stand upon. Somewhere about that time I fell in with Herbert's "Country Parson." I studied diligently the chapter entitled "The Parson Catechising," and there I found all I wanted. There is nothing I am about to say which is not reducible to some head or other of this little document; and all I want to teach you is, to enter into it, and to act upon it, as I have done myself.

DANGERS OF THE PASTORAL OFFICE.
The Pastoral Exhorted to Faithfulness in prospect of the Judgment to come. An Ordination Sermon. By the Rev. Sumers Payne.

"And there is danger arising out of our very occupations. Our high office may become a snare to us. It may produce the feeling of official security. We may be tempted to imagine that because we are ordained to holy functions, and are busily occupied in promoting the salvation of others, therefore we are in no danger of perishing ourselves; whereas the very circumstance of our being so much engaged in breaking the bread of life to others, may lead us to forget ourselves. We may be searching the Bible for sermons, that we may preach to others, when we ought to be reading it for ourselves; we may be seeking to build up the faith of others, when we ought to be on our knees to increase our own. And see again our danger in another light: what minister that studies his own heart is not conscious of the deadly influence of habit? The risk arising hence has been strikingly illustrated by the case of those professional guides hired to conduct travellers through some highly-favoured scenes of nature, and point out the beauties of the landscape: there is a well-known tendency in the employment of such an one to *dim* his own perceptions of the beautiful; his frequent looking upon the scene is calculated to deaden those emotions which it is fitted to call forth in others, and which at first it had excited in himself. Such danger is there to the *pastoral guide*, lest he should fall into the way of teaching with mere professional hands the awful topics of revelation; and familiarity gradually deaden, and finally destroy, their impressiveness on his own mind. Oh! my brethren, do not our own hearts tell us that they are greatly mistaken who deem *ours* a profession in which piety must flourish of necessity? Experience teaches us another lesson: it will teach you that no other man has so much need to 'keep his heart with all diligence,' and continually remember that nothing will stand in place of *his own piety, his own spirituality, his own communion with God.*"

Jeremiah the prophet, after having frequently reminded the Jews of their duty to God and of their profligate contempt of both His reward of obedience and His anger against disobedience, endeavours to raise their emulation and to shame them, by a representation of the conduct of the house of Rechab, by contrasting it with their ingratitude, he exposes their folly and wickedness, and turns their attention to the consequences. The prophet brings these Rechabites into a chamber, and offers them plenty of wine, soliciting them to drink. They answer, at once, that they will not; and give as a reason, that Jonadab—their forefather, had forbidden them to do so. The application of this circumstance is made to the Jews, (v. 14. to 16.) that because these men, in obedience to the commands of their earthly father, abstained from wine and other conveniences, but the Jews would not listen to their heavenly Father, though urging them often, and early, and late, to abstain from sin, therefore, all the evil prophesied should fall on them. But in the promise God gave the Rechabites, that he would for ever protect the posterity of Jonadab, the prophet set forth the blessings of obedience.

"Their abstemious and austere course of life," says Mr. Wagon, "is a pattern therefore to us, of mortification and self-denial. They lived in the world, as not of the world; as pilgrims and travellers, detached and disengaged from all its pleasures, as well as its imperfections; in a constant readiness to remove their station, wherever Providence should call them. These, probably, or such as these, were the reasons why their ancestor, Jonadab, had obliged them to lead such an ascetic and abstinent life. How much more ought we to live soberly, and to temperate in all things, whom our Master Christ, whom all our spiritual ancestors, the Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs, who have gone before us, by precept and example, admonished, 'To keep ourselves unspotted from the world; not to love the world nor the things that are in the world; because the love of the world is enmity against God; that we are not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world; that, though we live in the flesh, we should not walk after the flesh; that we cannot serve God and mammon.'"

"These, and many more admonitions of like import, which are duly repeated to us by our spiritual parents, the church, and her teachers, cannot but lay us under much stronger obligations to obedience than the injunctions of a mere man [Jonadab the son of Rechab.] did his house and descendants. Especially when we reflect on that solemn promise we have all made in our baptism of 'renouncing the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all the covetous desires of the same, and carnal desires of the flesh, so as not to follow, nor be led by them.' When we also consider, that it was upon this very condition we were admitted into the house and family of Christ; and that all our right title to the privileges and blessings of it depends on a faithful discharge of those engagements."

When man was first made, he was good, and therefore happy. But from this state he fell, through the temptation of the devil, as you may see in the beginning of the Bible; and by this fall his mind became altogether disordered, and his passions, instead of being as before under strict control, got the mastery; and so it has been ever since with all the children of Adam, that is with all mankind. Now, one of the worst consequences of this fall was, that instead of wishing to please God, who had given him life, every thing else, man thought only of pleasing himself,

and of doing whatever he liked, whether God had declared it to be sin or no; and one of the favourite ways of doing which Satan (under whose dominion we all, through the sin of Adam, have in great measure fallen) has placed before men, is that of drinking strong liquors to the degree of intoxication; in other words, indulging in drunkenness. This God has declared to be a great offence to Him; so great (for the truth must not be concealed) that they who continue to commit this sin without repentance shall never enter into heaven. Thus St. Paul, after naming other crimes, says, "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. vi.).

Now I hope, dear reader, that drinking is not yet a confirmed habit with you; but when once begun, it is a very treacherous one, and apt to steal on and increase by degrees; and the devil, who only wishes the ruin of your soul, is always ready to tempt you to it, while every compliance makes the next more easy. I can see, therefore, no other way of resisting your own inclination, strengthened by the temptation of Satan, than by considering deeply how very offensive it is to God, and how ruinous to you both in this world and the next.

As regards things temporal, consider, that if the indulgence in strong liquors do not shorten your life, it is quite certain at length to destroy your health; and the mind, from being often stupefied, becomes weakened. We see in persons who have long indulged in this vice, that their head is confused even when they are sober; their memory fails, their hands shake; they are subject to paralytic strokes, with many other ailments; and their temper grows peevish and irritable, so that they become a daily torment to themselves and all about them; besides, their neighbours and friends cannot help feeling contempt mixed with pity for a man who they often see reduced to the condition of a brute. What a sight is this! A man "made in the image of God," degrading himself of his own accord to a level with "the beasts that perish;" low, lower; for such a man is not so respectable even as his dog, for the dog always acts as well as his instinct allows him; while the man, who is possessed of an immortal soul, capable of knowing and loving his Maker, fills himself with liquor till he does not know what he is saying or doing; and as strong drink, by removing all reasonable control, lets loose and strengthens all the evil passions, it is ten chances to one if he does not say or do something of which in his sober senses he would have been ashamed.

But you will perhaps say, and I am willing to believe you say truly, "O I never am in that state; I never was what you call drunk; I never take so much as that." But are you sure you never will? as you have allowed yourself to take sometimes more than you ought, and so far the habit has got hold of you, are you sure it will never increase? I can assure you that it will; and in this way, what was at first a good cause at last to produce the effect; and so a little more is taken, and perhaps a little oftener, and then a little more, and a little more, till at last from only taking sometimes what you call a drop for comfort, you fall into the ways of an habitual drunkard.

There is no sin that stands alone,—every sin brings others after it; but none, perhaps, produces such a total disorder of life as drinking. Many a man that was once amiable, and well conducted, has been quite changed by this fatal habit; indeed, it seems evident that no man who has once begun to indulge in drinking can any longer discharge the duties of a good son, husband, or father. Sons have been known to rob even their own fathers, to obtain the means of indulging in this vice; and many a drunkard son has brought grave.

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THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.
"The House I live in" is a curious building, one of the most curious in the world. Not that it is the largest, or the oldest, or the most beautiful, or the most costly; or that it has the greatest number of rooms, or is supplied with the most fashionable furniture. But it is nevertheless one of the most wonderful buildings in the world, on account of the skill and wisdom of the great Master Workman who planned it. You cannot view it closely in any part, without being struck with the wisdom which is therein evinced; nor without feeling the mind elevated and improved by the contemplation of that goodness, which has provided everything so admirably contrived for the purposes intended to be fulfilled.

I have said that it is not the largest building in the world—very far indeed from that. There are very many buildings—castles and palaces, churches and cathedrals, mansions and factories—which are thousands, tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, times greater than the House I live in; indeed, it can hardly be said, that in any country, barbarous or civilized there is any human dwelling-place, from the hut of the savage to the regal mansion of the king, but what occupies a far greater space than the House I am about to describe to you. In truth, the latter is of very limited extent in any direction; for though it may be said to have two stories, with a cupola or dome added thereto, yet the whole seldom towers beyond the height of six feet.

It is not the oldest building in the world. The Pyramids of Egypt, erected 3000 years ago, are proud monuments of the architectural skill of the designers, and even yet seem to defy the hand of time. The sepulchral monuments lately discovered at Etruria; the splendid temples and other sacred edifices at Athens; the gigantic ruins of Palmyra, Luxor, and Carnac; the immense and elaborately-constructed caverns of Elephanta, can all boast of a very high antiquity. Many churches, castles, and palaces, though with far less pretensions to age than the grand structures I have named, may yet claim an existence of several hundred years. Many bridges, too, and other buildings, now in the course of erection, are calculated to remain for ages to come; but the building about which I am going to tell you, is never of very long duration, as compared with others, and seldom remains longer than three-quarters of a century.

The House I live in is not without beauty, but its beauty is not of that kind for which the Temple of Solomon, in the days of his glory, was celebrated. Some indeed are of opinion, that it is much more beautiful, but on this point I leave you to form your own opinion, which I have told you more about it.

Nor is it the most costly. Many palaces, cathedrals, and other edifices, have required very large sums of money to erect and furnish them; on the contrary the House I live in, may be said to have scarcely cost me anything, for it was found ready to my hand. The necessary expense of keeping it in repair is but small, when the simple dictates of nature alone are fulfilled.

Nor does it contain the greatest number of rooms ever known in a building, though it may be said to contain a large number for so small a place. Perhaps it may be considered that there are fifteen or twenty. Many public buildings contain an infinitely greater number than this, and even houses of ordinary dimensions far exceed this amount.

As to the number of its occupants, it will hardly bear a comparison with any building; for, like the

huts of some of the rude tribes of New Holland, it never accommodates more than one person—and that one is myself.

But even with the rude huts of the New Hollanders, the comparison will, as I have said, not hold good. They are made with the bark of a single tree, bent in the middle, and placed with its two ends on the ground. When one of the natives has taken up his abode in a hut of this kind as long as he has seen fit, he leaves it. He journeys to another place, and builds a new one, the old hut being taken possession of by any one who chooses to do so. Whereas I always carry my House with me wherever I go; in all countries, in all climates, in all seasons, my house is ready for my use. The House I live in is good for nothing to any one but myself; and when I leave it, it will immediately fall into decay.

The furniture of the House I live in is not of the most fashionable appearance. Of this the reader can judge for himself, when he understands that it has been the same in kind, in figure, and in purpose, since my House was first designed. Fashion, you know, in the House I live in, is not of that kind which in our time is held in high estimation, becomes in the next of inferior value. But the furniture of my house, being at first admirably adapted to its wants, cannot require the slightest alteration. In Siam, the houses are frequently built on posts or pillars. This is because the country is low, and apt to be overflowed every year by the inundation of the rivers, and to build them on high posts is the only way to secure them against these floods. In Venice and Amsterdam, also, the buildings are erected upon piles, to elevate and protect them from the inroads of the sea. My House, as you will see hereafter, stands on pillars, but these pillars are made for motion, and to enable the building to be transported to any place that may be desired. Whereas an Amsterdam or Venetian house, cannot be removed at all, and a Siamese house not without considerable injury.

The House I live in is, after all, most remarkable for its convenience; nothing could possibly so well answer my purpose. I have already told you, that it would be good for nothing to any other person. Your House, my young reader, may be as curious, as large, and even as commodious for you as mine is for me; but it would never answer my purpose at all, even if I had it in my power to exchange with you.

The House I live in, is my body, the present habitation of my immortal spirit.

Communications.
[We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church, and to appear our readers that we are responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.—Ed. Church.]

To the Editor of The Church.
A CATHEDRAL.
MY DEAR SIR,—When I saw in your last paper this heading, "The New Cathedral," I really hoped that some movement was about to be made for the erection of one when, judge of my disappointment, upon reading the article I found you had merely referred to the plans for the re-erection of the parish church of St. James.

Now, Sir, I hope you will not deem me quarrelsome for objecting to the appropriation of this title to any parish church. I know of course that it was common to speak of the late church of St. James as "the Cathedral"; but then the title was only in common parlance, because it was for the time being used as such, but the case is different, when speaking of the re-erection of this parish church, with so high an authority as that of the editor of "The Church" styles it "The New Cathedral," for then plain people are apt to suppose that there was something about it which constituted it a cathedral, whereas I am not aware that the Lord Bishop of the diocese has ever expressed his intention of ever again using it, even temporarily, as such. My objecting to our people a mistaken and degraded idea of what a Cathedral really is, and lending us, as a diocese, to rest contentedly with the name of cathedral, is a most unwelcome and to the Catholic Churchmanship of this diocese that we have been so long without a Cathedral, properly and strictly so called, commensurate with that prosperity which God has given His people in this Province.

Now that the new Cathedral of Toronto never was, and never can be, such a Cathedral, is evident from the following considerations:—
1. A Cathedral should be, as it were, the holy property of the whole diocese. Dr. Hook thus states in his "Diocesan History," "The Cathedral church is the parish church of the whole diocese; and it has been affirmed with great probability, that if one resort to the Cathedral church to hear Divine Service, it is resorting to the parish church within the natural meaning of the statute." Now it is sufficient to show that such is not the case, to disprove the title of cathedral to the parish church of St. James, since it is the parish church of a portion of Toronto, and not of the whole diocese. I know of course that it was common to speak of the late church of St. James as "the Cathedral"; but then the title was only in common parlance, because it was for the time being used as such, but the case is different, when speaking of the re-erection of this parish church, with so high an authority as that of the editor of "The Church" styles it "The New Cathedral," for then plain people are apt to suppose that there was something about it which constituted it a cathedral, whereas I am not aware that the Lord Bishop of the diocese has ever expressed his intention of ever again using it, even temporarily, as such. My objecting to our people a mistaken and degraded idea of what a Cathedral really is, and lending us, as a diocese, to rest contentedly with the name of cathedral, is a most unwelcome and to the Catholic Churchmanship of this diocese that we have been so long without a Cathedral, properly and strictly so called, commensurate with that prosperity which God has given His people in this Province.

2. The Cathedral is peculiarly the Bishop's church. Thus Hook says, "The chief church in every diocese is called the Cathedral, from the word *cathedra*, a chair, because in it the Bishop has his seat or throne." And thus Archbishop Odo (Hook) says, "Bishops shall reside at their Cathedral churches, and officiate there on the chief festivals, on the Lord's Days, and in Lent, and in Advent." It is true, too, that the Bishop has his seat or throne, as it were, in his general parish church, and to assemble and charge his clergy. But the power of the Bishop over any parish church is limited; and may be especially so when the church is not in his gift—as in the case, for instance, with St. James's, the parsonage which is the Governor of the Province for the time being. Now I apprehend it would be in the power of the Rector of such a church, if he were evilly disposed, to refuse to permit the Bishop to place his "chair or throne" in his church, or to officiate there often on the Lord's Days, and on the chief festivals, as in the case of St. James's, which I trust and indeed almost think is the case; he might make it very unpleasant for his Bishop to do so. It is therefore quite evident that, as a parish church is not the church of the diocese, so neither is it, in the strict sense, the Bishop's own church; nor ought he to be subject to those serious inconveniences which might possibly arise to him, and the diocese, from his being compelled to use it as such.

3. A Cathedral ought to have a sufficient number of clergy connected with it to insure not only the daily morning and evening services, but a full choir service, with sermons on every Festival Day. This the honour of Almighty God requires from at least one church in each diocese. It is also desirable as tending to maintain in His people somewhat of that reverence and of that sense of the duty of constant devotion, as the great business of life, which their continued intercourse with the world is apt to destroy. All this I fear it would be thought scarcely reasonable to expect either from St. James's or any other of our provincial parish churches.

4. The Bishop as chief pastor and pastor of his diocese, is of course greatly responsible for the correct teaching thereof; but it is too notorious in this day to be questioned, that no Bishop of the Anglican Church, as it is at present situated, can command a scriptural and orthodox uniformity of teaching, especially in those dioceses which are the gift of the appointment of the Government, and which are under the necessity that in his own Cathedral—the parish church of the diocese—his people should always be sure of hearing what he, their chief guide, regards as the pure and entire Gospel of Christ and His Church. This in His Cathedral—the appointment being under his entire control—he might ensure, at least to a much greater degree, than he could in any parish church. And this would be the case still more certainly and fully, if, as might be secured in any new Cathedral institution, all the appointments therein were held during Episcopal pleasure; and this, it strikes me, would be exceedingly desirable, considering the variable character of the teaching within the Church herself—at least till the disciplinary power of the Episcopate is much more fully in this respect than it now appears to be.

5. A Cathedral, at least, should be like the Church of the present day—free to all, and open at all times, as a house of spiritual refuge and prayer. That St. James's is not and cannot be free to all, is, alas! too evident, from the facts already stated, that it is, in power, and its pews are private secular property; and also the same evils exist in most of our larger churches. The only exception, so far as I am aware, to this evil of particular personal appropriation in our larger churches, is the very noble one of the Church of The Holy Trinity, in Toronto, in which there are no pews, and the seats of worship must, from the conditions made by its pious founder, be ever remain free. But even this, like most of the rest, is, from the force of unavoidable circum-

stances, closed all the week from Sunday to Sunday. It is true, however, that this last-named church, from its being the free and also from its presentation resting entirely in the hands of the Bishop of the diocese, is not subject to some of the most serious objections which are urged against St. James's, or any other parish church, being used as a Cathedral; and from its Catholic model, reverend-looking chancel, and imposing situation, it is perhaps better suited for such an important honour than any other merely local church in the diocese.

But it is, my dear Mr. Editor, entirely beyond the capability of a diocese so large and widely as that of Upper Canada, to erect and endow a Cathedral such as the honour of God and the good of the Church appear to demand. We can erect penitentiaries, schools for names, hospitals, market-houses, &c., &c., all upon the most splendid scale. Is, then, that house of prayer—that temple of Almighty God—which is designed to express the country's reverent love to its Saviour God, to be the only public institution for which the necessary funds cannot be found? Alas, Sir, as matters do you estimate the amount of Canadian treasure laid up in heaven?

Yours faithfully,
A. T.
Canada West, Sept. 10, 1849.

To the Editor of The Church.
The Rectory, Woodhouse, Sept. 7, 1848.
BROTHERS IN THE MINISTRY express their regret that there were not some names visible, in such an arrangement of the Liturgy, the discipline of the Church, and perhaps that feeling is never more oppressive than when we are called upon to use the beautiful office for the burial of the dead.

It is proper indeed that in such cases there should be a large exercise of Christian charity and Christian hope. But also we are reminded, that the foundation in which we base our hope. How thoughtful, then, should we be on those occasions when we may exercise a lively and well-grounded hope, that those whom we commit to the earth rest in Him who is "the resurrection and the life!"

It is probable that what has occurred in my parish within the last few days may never occur to me again. In less than a fortnight there have been eight candidates for a final resting-place in my parish churchyard—only three of them melancholy patients, and the remainder of the Liturgy the unexpressed expression of my confidence